

# THE OXFORD COUNTY CITIZEN

VOLUME XXXVII—NUMBER 6

BETHEL, MAINE, THURSDAY, MAY 28, 1931.

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## LIONS DISTRICT CONVENTION TO BE HELD JUNE 19TH-20TH, AT BELGRADE LAKES

Judge Arthur W. Patterson of Castine, District Governor of the 41st District of the Lions International, which district comprises Maine and New Brunswick, announces the program for the District Convention, to be held at the Belgrade Hotel, Belgrade Lakes, Friday and Saturday, June 19th and 20th; said program being practically arranged, except for a complete list of the speakers, which will be given out a little later on. Several well-known men will address the convention, at its various sessions, but perhaps the principal speaker, from the standpoint of Lionsism, will be Ben A. Ruffin of Richmond, Virginia, Past International President, and an orator of national reputation.

Registration will commence at two o'clock on Friday, June 19th. The first business session will be at four o'clock, and among other features will be an address by Mr. Ruffin. At five there will be a concert, and at six the first banquet of the convention, in the Main Dining Room. At this banquet several speakers of distinction will be heard; and, in addition to the speaking, an excellent program of music, stunts, etc., will be furnished under the direction of the Waterville Lions Club. At 9:30 there will be dancing in the Main Ball Room.

On Saturday, June 20th, the second business session begins at 9:30; one of its features being a reading of short reports on club activities, by the presidents of the various clubs in the district, which now has 37 clubs. At 1:00 will come luncheon, with a program of entertainment under the direction of the clubs of Rumford, Mexico, and Dixfield. At 2:30 comes the third business session, at which district officers for the ensuing year will be elected. At 6:30 is a banquet, at which the main address will be delivered by Past President Ruffin, with a program of entertainment, in addition to the speaking, under the direction of the Bangor-Brewer Club. At 9:30 is held the Convention Ball, in the Main Ball Room.

Golf, tennis, swimming, boating, bridge, etc., will be indulged in by the devotees of these sports or games; and various committees are working out the details of tournaments and contests, which will doubtless afford a great deal of amusement. Preliminary registration indicates a large attendance, of Lions and their ladies, from all over the 41st District.

### "WINDY WILLOWS"

The play, "Windy Willow," will be given Friday evening, May 29th, at the Grange Hall, Newry Corner, with the following cast of characters: Unbelle Tibbs, Addison Saunders; Scarecrow Nuff, Roy Stearns; Donald McAdam, Ernest Holt; Glover McAdam, Clarence Evans; Billy Fortune, Robert Davis; Gladys Wellington, Frances Dean; Carrie Tibbs, Frances Sherry; Mrs. Mcleod de Puyator, Gwendolyn Godwin.

There is no doubt but what all housekeepers will be much pleased with Hubble Tibbs' dishwashing machine and as for Scarecrow Nuff, everyone will surely enjoy his company and his store while Donald and Glover McAdam will certainly surprise everyone before the end of the evening.

Billy Fortune is an ideal tramp, if tramps can be ideal. Gladys Wellington and Carrie Tibbs, two nice looking young ladies, will add much to the love affairs, while Mrs. de Puyator is the comedy character, as one would suspect from her past appearances on the stage.

### CARD OF THANKS

We wish to acknowledge our deep appreciation to our friends and neighbors and Rev. J. A. Edwards for the many expressions of sympathy and the beautiful floral offerings sent, during our recent bereavement.

Mr. Herbert Jackson,  
Mr. and Mrs. Charles Parker,  
Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Johnson,  
Mr. Chester Jackson,  
Mr. and Mrs. Philip Chapman.

## FRED B. HOWE

After a long period of failing health, Fred B. Howe passed away Saturday, May 23rd, at four o'clock.

Mr. Howe was born on Kimball Hill Dec. 18, 1835, the son of Alonzo and Nancy Howe. As a young man he learned the carpenter's trade and was always ready in the neighborhood to lend a helping hand.

On Dec. 22, 1883, he was united in marriage with Agnes L. Hastings, who passed on March 24, 1930. Two children were born to them, John H., who has lived at home, and Alice L., who died in infancy.

For 11 years years he was one of the selectmen of the town. The town business was well and carefully attended to by him just as long as he was able. Honest and upright in his dealings, he was respected and esteemed by all who knew him. He served as deputy sheriff under Bert McIntire, and was tax collector for six years. He was a charter member of Oxford Boat Lodge, No. 54, K. of P., also a member of Alder River Grange.

Failing in health for the last four years and confined to his bed for the last 12 weeks, he has been tenderly and faithfully cared for by his son and wife.

Mr. Howe leaves a son, John H. Howe, two grandchildren, Agnes and Rodney Howe, one brother, William O. Howe of Waltham, Mass., one sister, Mrs. May H. Wyman of St. Anthony, Idaho, and several nieces and nephews.

Funeral was held at the home on Wednesday at two o'clock. The services were conducted by Rev. Mr. Edwards, the Knights of Pythias acting as pall bearers.

## RESOLUTIONS

Whereas, the Great Master has removed from our midst our beloved Sister, Marjorie Bennett.

Resolved that we drape the Charter for thirty days.

Resolved that these resolutions be spread upon our records, and a copy be printed in The Oxford County Citizen, and a copy be sent to the sorrowing family.

Ada Cole,  
Sherman Emery,  
Nora Goodnow,  
Committee on Resolutions  
Mountain View Grange.

## REPRESENTATIVE AMERICAN PAINTERS

Paper read by Mrs. R. G. Dalzell at the meeting of the Ladies' Aid Thursday, May 21, 1931.

We must not expect from American painters in so short a time what it has taken older countries to accomplish. The wonderful scenery of the new country, combined with Indian life impressed the artists, if there were any artists among them, but the struggle for existence, in those early days left little or no time for the art of picture making. It was not until 1793 when Benjamin West opened his eyes in the new world, did American painting have its birth. There comes to our mind a mental picture of little Benjamin sitting beside the cradle of his baby sister, painting her picture with a brush made from a pussy's tail. West spent his boyhood days in Philadelphia, where the Indian life appealed to his artistic nature, and gave him just the material which he needed in painting "The Death of General Wolf." Clothing his characters in the costume of the people, the country and the times, brought him applause from the country in general. So eminent an artist as Sir Joshua Reynolds said of it, "I foresee that this picture will not only become one of the most popular but will occasion a revolution in art." West went to Italy when quite young, after a short sojourn in that country he started for America stopping in England for a business call. This call extended over the rest of his life, and he was buried at St. Paul's Cathedral, London. Other paintings of the artist are "Death on the White Horse," in the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, Philadelphia. "St. Paul Preaching to the Gentiles," Hampton Court, England, he made a series of large canvases on English history, made by request of the King.

John Singleton Copley, 1737-1815, was a true American, was entirely self taught, and never saw a decent picture with the exception of his own, until he was nearly thirty. The portrait of "John Bours" hanging now in Worcester, Mass., Art Museum, was one of his best. Copley spent many years in London, and while there painted and sold to his friend West, assigned the famous picture, "West with a Physician." West, by painting the portrait of the pine wood of the stretch, and the dying soldier, knew it was attributed to Paul Four.

## SUPERIOR COURT

After deliberating four hours and 45 minutes the jury returned a verdict for the defendant in the Hall-Pottle case. The sum named in the writ was \$10,000.

Another damage suit resulting from the collision of two cars, driven by Amedee Morin of Mexico and Adelbert Bilodeau, was given the defendant.

A verdict for the plaintiff to the amount of \$86.56 was returned in the Witham vs. Marshall case. Motion for a new trial was immediately filed by the defense attorney, Bellevue. The case was the outcome of a suit brought against Marshall by Mrs. Witham for board of two men and stable rent and hay for horses.

Verdicts to the amount of \$4,100 were returned in favor of the plaintiffs in the four damage suits against Mrs. Annie Dunbar of Castine. The suits were brought against Mrs. Dunbar as a result of an automobile accident, Oct. 23, 1930, when the car which she was driving and returning home with three of her relatives as guests, struck a ledge at the junction of the Skowhegan-Bangor and Pittsford-Hartland roads. Mrs. Poland was the most seriously injured but the others received cuts and bruises.

Several divorce cases were heard. Romeo Galarneau, 13 year old Rumford boy, was put on probation with orders to report to Chief of Police John Dennis for forging a check.

Kenneth Berry of Weld, who already had a court record, was sentenced to not less than one nor more than two years of hard labor at Thomaston. He was guilty of forgery.

Joseph R. Turner of Carthage was put on probation for one year, to report to Officer Seefeldt on Franklin County, for forgery.

James P. McKenna pled guilty of illegal possession and his case was continued for sentence.

The case of Frank Donahue of Bethel for drunken driving was not pressed and on a reckless driving charge he was given probation for one year, with orders to report to H. H. Hastings.

Hugh Brown of Bethel, charged with intoxication, was given probation of one year to report to H. H. Hastings. Tony Lombardi, indicted for illegal manufacture as the result of the raid

## MEMORIAL DAY PROGRAMS

East Bethel, 9 A. M.  
(Daylight Saving Time)  
Remarks, Rev. R. C. Dalzell  
Exercises, School

Monument, 1:30 P. M.  
Prayer, Rev. R. C. Dalzell  
Lincoln's Gettysburg Address, Paul Chapman  
Exercises, S. S. Class  
"America,"  
sung by audience and school children

Taps

Odeon Hall, 2 P. M.  
Music, Rev. R. C. Dalzell  
Prayer, G. W. Logan's General Orders,  
Miss Ruth Bonnett

Address, Herbert R. Bean  
Benediction, Rev. R. C. Dalzell

BOOKS ADDED TO BETHEL LIBRARY IN MAY

Ariel Danes, Ethel Elliot Cook  
A Richer Dust, Storror Jameson  
The Bridge of Desire, Warrick Deeping  
The Golden Stream, Frances R. Sterrett  
The Silver Flute, Lida Larimore  
The Windling Lane, Sir Philip Gibbs  
Outlaws of Eden, Peter B. Kyne  
White Fawn, Olive Higgins Prouty  
The Sign of Armin, Graham Scatton  
Light-Horse Harry Lee, Thomas Boyd  
Jonathan Edwards,  
Puritans' Progress, Arthur Train

made near Gregory Inn, Mexico, pleaded not guilty.

Wendell E. Barry of Carthage pleaded guilty of forgery. Max Gallen pleaded guilty, through counsel, of soliciting for gambling machines. Thomas Bernard and Alfred Arsenault pleaded not guilty of selling intoxicating liquor.

Citizenship was granted to Agnes Dickson, Robert J. W. Johnston, John P. West, and Walter Placem. All of Rumford; Joseph West, Owen J. Richards, Epton G. Parrell, Rose Marie O'Neill, and Anthony J. W. Byrne, all of Rumford.

Mrs. Lemmon Wheeler, who has been a patient at the Deaconess Hospital, Boston, Mass., returned home Saturday, somewhat improved in health.

## Local News

Mrs. Will Lowe has returned to Bethel for the summer.

A. D. Mower of Auburn was in town Sunday, visiting on relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. M. A. Nadeau are sojourning over the birth of a son, May 26.

Robert Walker was in Portland Friday and Saturday to attend a Masonic meeting.

Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Ross of Bryant Pond visited his mother, Mrs. H. H. Ross, Sunday.

Mrs. Fred Waterhouse of West Paris is visiting Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Herrick for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Davis, son Robert, and Mrs. Arad Brown spent Monday in Portland.

Walter Juley is working for Clarence Bennett, throwing in pulp wood near West Bethel.

Rev. and Mrs. R. C. Dalzell, Wendell Gibbs and Miss Eugenia Hasell were in Portland Tuesday.

Remember the play, "Windy Willows," at Newry Corner, Friday, May 29. Dancing follows.

Herrick Bros. Co. have sold 31 new Ford's this year, including 11 in the month of May so far.

Mrs. Blanche Merrill of West Paris Beach, Fla., is the guest of her son, C. E. Merrill, and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Lester Goodridge announce the birth of a son at the home of Mrs. Charles Dean, Sunday, May 24.

The 4-H Garden Club met at Van Buren's Tuesday evening. Gardening and how to repair a lawn mower were discussed.

The Searchlight Club from Rumford enjoyed the annual luncheon at Bethel Inn, Friday afternoon, followed by a business session when the annual election was held.

C. H. Foster of Lowell, Mass., G. Gordon Savin of Boston, L. L. Lord of South Paris, and Fred Pigeon of Albany, and H. T. Sawin were recent callers on Mr. and Mrs. G. J. Haggard and family.

The Guild Academy placed the pupils of Mrs. Nellie Brickett will give a musical at the William Hingham 6-m. station Wednesday evening, June 3. The play is cordially invited to attend.

Mrs. Hannah Gudge has returned to her home in Lee Mills.

Mrs. Philbrick has returned to her home after a vacation of one month.

W. H. Lumb of Portland has in a visiting house, Ralph Young and family.

Elmer Bennett, Carmelo Gifford and Dean Cunningham were in Boston Sunday.

Robert Chett was in Jounport Tuesday and installed a talking picture outfit.

A good coat of snow was applied to Main and Church streets the first of the week.

Mrs. Elsie Merrill and Mrs. Blanche Merrill spent Tuesday in South Paris and Newry.

Several from here attended the Christian Science lecture at Lewiston Sunday afternoon.

The play, "Windy Willows," will be given at Newry Corner, May 29th. Dancing follows.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Young, son Richard, and Mrs. Vera Thurston spent the week end in Portland.

Mrs. Jennie King of Buckfield is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Lucien Little, and son, Harold King.

Mr. and Mrs. Lester Murray and Mrs. Andrew Case of Berlin were recent visitors at Fred Hamlin's.

Herman Bennett, Carl and Edwin Jackson of Flagstaff were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. Ira Bennett.

Mrs. Lottie Tuman, Mrs. Bea Merrill, Mrs. Mabel Becker and daughter Helen were in Lewiston one day last week.

One woman was in town from Creston, N. H., Saturday, and has moved from E. H. Smith's on Vernon Street.

Will Haggard, Mr. and Mrs. Harold McAdams and family of North Stratford, N. H., were Sunday guests at the Haggard farm.

Lawrence Barth, George Parsons of Sumner, Maine attended the N. England Interscholastic Track Meet at Lewiston Saturday.

Mrs. Tom Thurston entertained a number of her home Friday night. A delightful description of a recent trip to the West Indies was given by Mrs. Thurston. Buffet lunch served. Mrs. Norman Southern assisted the hostess.

## MRS. CLARK CASWELL

Mrs. Rebecca Caswell, wife of Clark Caswell, passed away at nine o'clock, Monday morning, after a long period of failing health which resulted in a shock Friday, from which she failed to rally.

Mrs. Caswell was born in Bethel, Feb. 10, 1851, the daughter of J. T. and Mary Ann Mason Kimball, and has always lived in her native town except for a few years spent in Dover, N. H. She was united in marriage with Clark Caswell 30 years ago, and one child was born to them, Leona, now Mrs. Carey Stevens, who has given her mother the love and care of a devoted daughter.

Mrs. Caswell was a very loyal member of the Baptist Church of Middle Intervale, always interested in its welfare. She was a woman highly respected by all, especially in the home, being a very devoted wife and mother. She is survived by her husband, Clark Caswell; her daughter, Mrs. Leona Caswell Stevens; four grandchildren, and one great grandchild.

Funeral services were held from the home at two o'clock Wednesday afternoon. Rev. W. T. Green of Rhode Island and Rev. R. C. Dalzell officiated. Burial was at Middle Intervale.

## MRS. ELIZABETH BRAGDON

Mrs. Elizabeth Bragdon passed away last Thursday noon after several weeks of ill health, resulting in a shock Sunday, from which she did not regain consciousness.

She was born at Franklin, N. November, 1847. She married Capt. H. H. Bragdon, who was lost at sea. Three children were born to them, two of whom are now living, Capt. Harry Bragdon of Bethel and John D. Bragdon of Bangor.

She lived the greater part of her life in Bethel until about five years ago, when she came to Bethel with her son Harry, where she has since made her home. She was a member of the O. S. and the Baptist church at Bethel, and an attendant of the Methodist church at Bethel as long as health permitted. Mrs. Bragdon was a woman of sweet disposition, unassuming in her manner, yet a strong Christian character and high ideals.

Prayers were held at the residence at 11 o'clock Friday afternoon at the home of Mrs. Bragdon. The services were taken her old home at Bethel Saturday afternoon. The funeral was held and burial took place.

Five states have passed laws prohibiting a car driver from driving with a high beam light on at night. The law is being enforced in Maine.

A man who was arrested for stealing a bicycle, was released on a \$1000 bond.

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## NORTH COUNTRY STAR AND COMPASS CLUB TO HOLD FIELD DAY AT SHELBURNE

At a meeting of the executive committee of the North Country Star and Compass Club held at Gorham May 23 plans were completed for a Field Day to be held at Shelburne Inn, Saturday, June 6th.

The program will consist of field sports, card games in the pavilion in the afternoon, picnic supper at six with "beanhole beans" for an appetizer.

A stage entertainment, of an hour and a half in duration follows supper. Dancing with music by Bassett's Orchestra of Berlin will complete the evening.

The North Country Star and Compass Club is a social organization formed by the members of Star King Chapter, No. 32, O. E. S., and Sabatis Lodge, No. 95, F. & A. M., of Berlin, N. H., and Alpine Chapter, No. 31, O. E. S., and Gorham Lodge, No. 73, F. & A. M., of Gorham. Herman E. Miles of Berlin is President of organization, Albert C. Lary of Gorham, Vice-President, Kenneth Harvey of Berlin, Treasurer, and Grace Walker of Gorham, Secretary.

## WEST BETHEL SCHOOLS

The following pupils were awarded Gold Star pins:

Eighth Grade—Thyllis Bennett, Chester Wheeler, George Gilbert, Russell Burris.

Sixth Grade—Lawrence Perry, Donald Luskon, Shirley Gilbert, Shurwin Bennett.

Fourth Grade—Margaret Bennett, Catherine Bean, George Luskon.

Second Grade—Joyce Abbott, Robert Perry.

First Grade—Edward Lowell.

Pins were awarded by the State Board of Education. They were given only to children who were normal in sight, hearing, throat and glands, height and weight.

## Gould Academy Notes

Members of the debating team were awarded G's by Principal Hanson on Tuesday evening. The team consisted of the following: Lydon, Francis King, Carl Hanson, and Leslie Leonard.

The May 29th given by the debating team, Friday evening was one of the most successful events of the year. The program was attractively planned, the pink and white streamers, and the decorations of the hall, and the music of the band.

The singing of the May 29th was a pretty feature of the evening. The songs of the band were well received. A good time was had by all.

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## BUSINESS CARDS

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FIRE ALARM SIGNALS  
1 blast, repeated at one minute intervals, Broad, Mason and Paradise Streets.

2 blasts, repeated at one minute intervals, Mill Hill.

3 blasts, repeated at two minute intervals, Church, Park, Upper High, Upper Summer, Elm Streets.

4 blasts, repeated at two minute intervals, Main to Bryant's Store, Spring, Brighton, Chapman Streets.

5 blasts, repeated at two minute intervals, Lower Main, Mechanic, Clark, Lower High, Lower Summer, Vernon Streets.

6 blasts, repeated at two minute intervals, Mills, Mill Yards and Railroad Street.

**IN CASE OF FIRE**—Call the telephone office, tell the operator where the fire is, and she will send to the alarm immediately.

**Why Bowlegs in Dogs**  
Doctor Stephenson of Cornell university says that it is the usual condition of dogs born in bow-legged, cod-liver oil, butter fat and sunshine are both prevention and cure for this condition.

**How Sound Travels**  
The velocity of sound through air depends upon the temperature; for practical problems, 1,100 feet a second is usually taken as the speed of sound in air. Light, on the other hand, travels at a speed of more than 18,000 feet in a second. That is why one can see a person at a distance strike an object with a mallet and not hear the sound produced until a short time later.

**How Mountain Lion Died**  
A mountain lion escaped from a cage after capture near Gunnison, Utah, accidentally killed himself a short while after his dash for freedom. A chain trailing from his neck caught on the limb of a tree as the big cat jumped and the animal hung, suspended in the air, until strangulation stopped his frantic efforts to free himself.

**Why No Lift on Wings**  
When an airplane is on a 10-degree banked turn in a vertical bank, there is no lift upward on the wing. There is a lift toward the center of the circle, however, and this in part helps to counteract the force of gravity and prevents the plane from falling sideways toward the ground. In other words, the plane travels about in a circle and is prevented against the air as if it were an automobile traveling about the inside of a racing bowl.

**Why Insect Is "Spider"**  
The word "spider" is merely a corrupted form of the word "aphid", which is derived from an old Anglo-Saxon verb "aphidan" meaning to spin. The spider was so called because it spins a web.

**Why Named the Balkans**  
The Balkan countries have given their name to the Balkan peninsula the area between the Black, Aegean and Adriatic seas, and this in turn has given its name to the countries into which it is divided.

**Why Fishes Face Current**  
The fish is of course a creature that swims and fish swim or drift down stream and face. They face the current in order to hold their position.

**Why Touch of Tinfoil Hurts**  
Tinfoil coming in contact with the gold filling in a tooth causes a sharp pain because a slight electrical current is thus generated.

**Why Jurors Were Summoned**  
Originally the jury of 12 neighbors was chosen because of their knowledge of the accused.

**We can help you solve your printing problems**

**THE CITIZEN-PRINTERS**

## SCRAPS

Italy is the only major European nation with a rising birthrate.

Mexico exports more than 6,000,000 bunches of bananas yearly.

Posters urging quiet are being distributed in New York's anti-noise campaign.

Avocados are used as a shortening for bread by a Santa Ana (Calif.) farmer.

A Japanese author has just published a book of more than 500 pages devoted to English verbs and adverbs.

Hubber may yet be made from potatoes, if experiments of mixing potato starch with chemicals prove commercially satisfactory.

A new lubricant, planned especially for marine engines, gives off a warning color when there is danger of overheating the bearings.

Fort Mason, San Francisco, army supply depot for the western United States and Pacific area, handles 80,000 tons of supplies yearly for transportation.

An autobus service between Vienna and Budapest, which will cover the distance between the two cities more quickly than does any train except the fastest express, is planned.

## RANDOM THOUGHTS

The man who has designs on women is usually a fashion artist.

If business can get the cash it doesn't care which political party gets the credit.

The youth who kisses the girl who uses lipstick discovers that she has a new line every day.

Even fortune tellers are complaining that they can't see any money in their business these days.

It seems that the stock market had a double bottom, which means that the same fellows got bumped twice in the same place.

A university professor urges young lawyers to pick out good secretaries and then marry them. But it's a lot easier to get a wife than a good secretary.

## THE WORLD OVER

Members of the house of representatives and the senate are paid monthly.

The sheet anchor is the largest anchor on a ship and is the chief dependence in time of storms.

The first finger on a man's hand is usually shorter than his third, while a woman's first finger is longer than her third.

By treating ordinary bees with ultraviolet rays, the United States Department of Agriculture hopes to develop a new race of bigger and stronger honey gatherers.

The income derived from tolls, taxes, licenses, fees, fines, postal receipts, etc., from the Panama canal now annually exceeds the cost of operation by many hundred thousand dollars.

## BIG BUSINESS

The big business men held a convention. Among those who attended were:

A big chip from Saratoga.

A big bread man from Rye.

A big bean man from Lima.

A big hat man from Panama.

A big surgeon from Lansing.

A big ginger man from Jamaica.

A big onion man from Bermuda.

A big bicycle man from Wheeling.

A big sausage man from Frankfurt.

## DO YOU KNOW?

That echinaria is a white crystalline coal tar product. It is a sweetening substance without any nutritive properties.

That allspice is the dried, ripe fruit of an evergreen tree that grows to a height of 20 feet in the Caribbean islands.

That the sweet potato is a plant belonging to the morning glory order and is probably a native of tropical America.

## INTERESTING ITEMS

There are 6,322,000,000 miles of highway in the world.

Xlograph is the name given to an engraving on wood or an impression thereof.

Hadj was the title given to any Mohammedan who made the pilgrimage to Mecca.

Shorthand is now a compulsory study for the 600 men of the Sheffield (England) police.

## County News

## SUMNER

Two years from Lewiston and two from Berlin, N. H., were at Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Bosse's over Sunday.

During Saturday afternoon and night there was a four-inch rainfall here.

Grace and Gertrude Bartlett attended Children's Day at East Sumner Grange Hall Saturday. Lionel Bartlett carried them, then went down and spent the day with Wilkes Bonney, calling for the girls at night. The girls report a very pleasant time with plenty of good eats. They also called on Mrs. Ida Bonney.

Charlie Farrar recently traded for three small pigs and two puppies. Those interested in hunting dogs should call and see a litter of five foxhound pups of blue blooded stock, the property of Linn Farrar.

Oliver Varney has traded his Chevrolet car for a Ford coach.

Linn Farrar and Mr. McLeod have been assisting Walter Penley in running lines on timber land in Peru, not far from Worthley Pond, for nearly two weeks.

Live stock wintered well, and nearly every farmer through here carries over a little hay. Pastures never looked better and most of the mowing land looks promising for a good crop of hay this season. All fruit trees are blossomed heavily and are about a week ahead of usual.

Business is very dull with but little work in the woods compared with seasons back along. Nights are very cold, and but little planting has been done at this date, May 23rd.

Fred Bonney died at 3.20 Monday morning.

## NORTH BETHEL

Frank Brown of Bethel was a business visitor in town Thursday.

Clarence Enman was in Portland on business one day last week.

Will and Victor Heino were in Houghton and Roxbury Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Moore of Bethel were in Ketchum one evening this week.

Gard Brown of Bethel was a visitor at R. L. Foster's recently.

True Eames of Bethel was in this vicinity selling Health products Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Bennett and Mr. and Mrs. C. O. Demerit and Louise were in Ketchum Friday afternoon.

Charles Heino and Mr. Gage were in Norway Friday on business.

Earl Davis of Harrison was in this vicinity one day last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Enoch Foster and baby were visitors at R. L. Foster's one evening recently.

Irene Foster was a visitor at Mr. and Mrs. Enoch Foster's Friday.

John and Frank Spinnay have gone to Andover where they have employment peeling pulp for Mr. Thurston.

Roland Fleet was in Upton on business Wednesday.

John Zale of Rumford Point was a caller at J. W. Reynolds' Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Randall Stevens of Middle Intervale were visitors in town Sunday.

## WEST BETHEL

Mr. and Mrs. Dan Forbes of Bethel were at Mrs. Carlton Saunders one day last week.

Helen Horla of West Paris spent the week end with Laura Hutchinson.

George H. Bennett was in Byron last Friday.

Clarence Kimball, who is working on the leader in the gravel pit, was called home on account of the illness of his father, Leslie Kimball.

Leo Mills is driving truck for Arthur Kimball.

Merle Kimball is the guest of Mrs. George Brown.

Mrs. Estella Goodridge spent the week end at Cumberland Mills with her nephew, Louis Penell, who is very sick.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Perry and two sons, Laurence and Robert, were in South Paris, Sunday.

Clarence Rolfe, who was at work in Andover, had the misfortune to cut his leg one day last week and is at home.

Mrs. Ada Rolfe has gone to Appleton with her mother, Mrs. Conant, who has been stopping with Mrs. Rolfe the past winter.

The West Bethel airport is to have a new hangar soon.

Miss Elvora Vashaw is the guest of her aunt, Mrs. Estella Goodridge, for a few weeks.

Clave Bell, who has been in the Rumford Hospital, has returned home much improved in health.

Clarence Bennett was in Rumford last Friday.

A crew of eight men have come to put up the guard rails on the new road. George Shaw of Oxford is in charge.

James Byron was in Berlin over the week end.

## Magalloway and Vicinity

Adams Grange held its regular meeting Saturday evening, May 23. Robert Storey was in the chair. Officers present: Pomona, Eunice Linnell; Ceres, Beatrice Littlehale; Steward, LeRoy Olson. Forty members were present. Grange opened in due form in the fourth degree. Applications of Elva Linnell, Helen Olson, and Marjorie Bennett were read. Also other business. The literary program was in honor of Mothers' Day.

Grange Song, Evelyn Cameron, Reading, Lester Littlehale, Gertrude Bennett, Song, Bertha Storey, LeRoy Olson, Grange.

Refreshments of ice cream, cake, and coffee were served by Iola Hart. Grange closed in due form in the fourth degree.

C. P. Fish was in Auburn Wednesday after a lead of fish.

A dance was given in the Magalloway Town Hall, Friday evening, May 22.

Robert Olson is farming for A. Donald Cameron.

Clarence West and family were in Colebrook, N. H., Saturday.

Eleanor Linnell, Gertrude Ripley, and Eunice Linnell were home over the week end.

Clarence Linnell is building a sporting camp.

Iola Hart was home over the week end.

Twenty-five or thirty of the old and young went to Errol Wednesday night and hung a maybasket to Rev. Robert Hindane.

## HANOVER

Miss Georgina Abbott is ill with bronchitis.

Irving Mills and family were guests of the Westcoasters Sunday.

Linwood Abbott of Gorham Normal was a week end guest of Wallace Saunders.

Miss Florence Howe spent Saturday and Sunday with Mrs. Elia Smith.

Miss Freda Worcester has resigned her duties at Postmistress and her place is filled by Mrs. Ethel Deliveau.

Mrs. Adelaide Smith was in Farmington a few days recently.

Mrs. C. F. Saunders and Miss Freda Worcester motored to Gorham Friday to bring home the Normal students.

Winfield Howe is back at work again for Saunders Bros., after being sick for several days.

C. F. Saunders and sons and Linwood Abbott were at the Lakes Saturday and Sunday.

## NORTH NEWRY

Mr. and Mrs. Eunking Long of Springfield, Mass., arrived in Newry Sunday for a few weeks at Wight's Brook Camp.

Miss Phoebe Milton was a week end guest of Frances Sherry at F. W. Kilgore's.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Wight, Miss Carrie Wight and Fred Wight motored to Upton Sunday.

Daniel Wight and Willard Wight went to Andover Sunday to take two men back, who had started from the Andover side to climb Saddle Back but came out at Newry.

The graduating exercises of the Newry schools will be held in the church, North Newry, Thursday afternoon, June 4, at two o'clock standard time.

There was no Grange Meeting Saturday night on account of the storm.

H. H. Morton has bought the Wm. P. M. Braun place of Mrs. Sarah Parlin of Paris.

The Selectmen have been making taxes this week.

Mrs. Amy Bennett is with her daughter, Marie, who is ill at this writing.

Mrs. Francis Vail and daughter, Elaine, returned to New Hampshire Thursday.

Don't forget the drama and dance at Newry Corner, Friday night, May 29, 8 o'clock, standard time.

## MILTON

Mr. and Mrs. Will Dyer entertained a party of twelve out of town friends Sunday.

Will Richardson of Milton was a Sunday caller at Clarence Jackson's.

The Soap Club met with Mrs. Ernest Billings the 20th. Several visitors were present.

Mrs. George Davis visited at Edith Jackson's one day last week.

John Sweet of South Paris, with his daughter, Mrs. Fannie Tyler, and son Leo were callers on old friends Sunday.

Mrs. Annie Buck had an ill turn last week but is some better at this time.

Mr. and Mrs. Freeman Morse and family spent the week end at their home here.

Mr. and Mrs. Alf Coffin and family visited at Walter Millett's Saturday night.

## TWO-MINUTE SERMON.

by REV. GEORGE HENRY

Faith in Jesus Christ is founded upon evidence. The evidence is conclusive. Therefore, doubt is due to ignorance of that evidence. The honest doubter will be an honest investigator and his doubt will vanish. Many a Republican depends upon his party paper for his knowledge of the Democratic candidate. Many a Democrat never reads a Republican journal. Many a man goes to the Bible for the purpose of bolstering up his preconceived ideas, opinions and creeds. The honest doubter will seek for the Truth and admit it, even though he be compelled to recant. Man's will largely determines his attitude, but in no way affects the truth. Truth is one, not two. Where two men disagree, one of them is surely wrong. There is a final authority in religion, and that authority is not vested in a man, a conference, a synod, a sect or a convention. Let God speak to you through His word. Without that book there is no knowledge of Christ or of His Church. It is the source of all knowledge and the final authority.

## LOCKE MILLS

Misses Dora Mason and Ruby Day were in West Paris, Monday, getting permanent waves.

Mrs. Helen Chase and the Misses Alice Chute, Avis Salls, and Eunice Salls were at Rumford Saturday.

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Merle Lurvey and Robert Cole purchased two pigs recently.

Mrs. Edwards, who has been spending a few weeks with her daughter, Mrs. Charles Day, returned to West Paris Sunday.

Work on the Town Hall is progressing rapidly.

Mrs. Belle Chase, who has been employed in the E. L. Tebbets spool mill, is at home for a while on account of ill health.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Cole and Mrs. Mabel Salls and daughter Gladys were in Lewiston Saturday.

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By FANNIE HURST

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(WNU Service.)

was not that the often years following his decision had been unproductive. On the contrary, they had been rich, fruitful, satisfying and adventurous. The university of the past had been illusive, figuratively and literally speaking, he had kept it, whetted with an appetite for more, for wisdom, for experience, for more. And yet sometimes it seemed to him, as he considered a new path, as steamed out of another, as spread to foreign shores after a

a local office and on article in a Maine paper. About 1929 Winslow began his experiments with corn near Portland, but it was not until 1932 that a patent was secured and then it was to John Winslow, Hare's nephew. The first recorded sale of canned corn was from Nathan Winslow to J. B. Pierce of Boston. The buying was dated February 25, 1913, and for one dozen canisters of product at \$1.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Brooks and daughter, Alice Mason, of South

A. Smith is building a camp of 40 Mts. near Johnson's Bridge, on highway to Bethel.

# The Oxford Court

## Bethel, N.H.

# County Citizen

## Maine

# County Citizen

## Maine

WHITNEY'S  
Bethel, Maine

**The Oxford County Citizen**  
**Bethel, Maine**











# One Wonderful Week

by  
C. S. Forester

W.M.U.  
SERVICE

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## THE STORY

**CHAPTER I.**—At the age of twenty-four Harold Norman Arledge is living the uncertain life of an English bank clerk. Early orphaned, he has been brought up by his great-aunt Matilda, a widow of stern and dignified bearing. His secure work but loses his position during the business slump following the war, and experiences the depths of poverty before finding his present job in a large bank. His upbringing and hardships have made him self-controlled, tenacious and exceedingly his only recreation.

**CHAPTER II.**—Going with a message to Marjorie Clarence, who has failed to keep a tennis engagement, Harold finds her in an advanced stage of delirium tremens. Endeavoring, with some success, to quiet the frenzied man, Harold is taken to the rooming house where he lives. He is surprised to find Marjorie alone in the room, and she tells him the story of her life.

**CHAPTER III.**—Next morning Mr. Clarence is quiet and Harold returns to his boarding house in a dazed state. At the bank next day his thoughts are mostly of Marjorie and his bewildering experience of the previous night. That evening he calls on Marjorie. Mr. Clarence has been taken to a hospital, and the girl is to live for the present with an aunt, Mrs. Tilling. Marjorie persuades Harold to remain to take her into the country next day, Saturday.

**CHAPTER IV.**—After a somewhat exciting day in the country the young couple start on their journey back to London and are forced to return in a slow-moving train. On his way home Harold is a witness of a strange scene. A man in a dark coat and hat is being held by a group of men. The man in the dark coat is a foreigner, and the others are Englishmen. The man in the dark coat is a foreigner, and the others are Englishmen. The man in the dark coat is a foreigner, and the others are Englishmen.

After a while, however, he experienced a momentary curiosity about the case, and turned it over in his hands. It was just a small, dark package of soft brown paper, less than six inches square, and from the broken straps which dangled from it Harold deduced that it was intended to be worn beneath the coat over the shoulder. Evidently the bearded and spectacled gentleman whose corpse lay out on Morley common had worn it beneath his waistcoat, where it had been torn to pieces who attacked him. He had been snatched it back and tried to escape just before he was shot. Harold opened it and drew forth the contents. Only a little packet of letters, a dozen or so, written in a sprawling, scrawling hand in a foreign language. Harold glanced quickly at it and started back again. "It could wait until tomorrow, easily. All he wanted at the moment was to go to sleep."

## CHAPTER V

**Sunday**

At intervals of a million years or so some one presided in checking Harold on the head with a red-hot hammer. Every time the white-hot hammer did this Harold mustered something and turned over. One day one fired off a pistol at his head and Harold awoke with a start. He clutched the sheets and looked at his head, gazing wildly around him. A land of dreams and men, a land of dreams and men, a land of dreams and men. There were a taste in his mouth as if he had been sucking copper coins all night. His eyes traveled unconsciously toward the room until in the far corner they met the little blue eyes of Puddingface, who was sitting up in bed staring at him steadily.

"You had a good night, I should think," said Puddingface.

"No, thank you," said Harold, and smiled.

The action caught something between his toes. He felt down in the bed. It was a leather strap, attached to a leather case, and instantly he began to remember the events of yesterday. Some one had been shot out on the common last night; from that some one Harold had taken this case half a dozen other people had chased him all round Morley Park firing pistols at him. That was late at night. Goodness gracious! Before that he had been out in the country with Marjorie and behaved disgracefully. So had she. Harold's brain began to see unpleasant subject to another like a cat on hot bricks. What in the world had been going on in the common was more than he could possibly understand. It could not have been a dream—there was the case to prove the contrary. How could it have been something acted for the film, because they do not do film photographs in the middle of the night, and the most realistic film actors are loaded

with revolvers at perfect strangers. A further examination of the letters might be illuminating.

He hunched himself over on his shoulder so as partly to conceal from Puddingface what he was doing, and extracted the letters under cover of the bedclothes and began to read them. Two facts became obvious. They were in French, and they were love letters. Harold summoned up his half-forgotten matrimonial French and began to read them. He made slow progress for the handwriting was slovenly and there were numerous words Harold did not know. From the context, however, it slowly became apparent that they were words unlikely to appear in any dictionary. In fact the letters were love letters of the grossest and most besotted kind imaginable. Harold peered at the signatures. They were complicated, and crumpled in a web of flourishes. Most of the later ones were merely words of endearment—just as a man might sign himself "your ownest duckey" if he were fool enough, thought Harold—but others were definitely signed with a name. That name, Harold decided, after prolonged examination, was Raphael.

Then came the turn of the addresses. The early letters were written on a printed paper from some hotel or other in Paris—no one Paris hotel mount the same as any other Paris hotel—but the others were "Goodness gracious," said Harold to himself for the second time that morning—were addressed from Le Palais du Roi, Mulhadd-Menhadd. Harold plunged into what he knew of post-war geography, and managed to grasp a fleeting memory by the tail. Yes, Mulhadd-Menhadd was the capital of the Danubian kingdom of Lesser Austria, sometimes known as the kingdom of the Huns and Avars. And—yes—goodness gracious goodness—the present king of the Huns and Avars was Raphael, Raphael Metopodivitch. That explained a good deal, although not everything, of course. It explained why people were willing to risk their lives in revolver battles for letters, for they would obviously be worth millions in blackmail while their publication would mean at least a revolution and maybe a war or two.

"Well be late for dinner if we're not careful," said Puddingface, casually, sticking a leg out of the bedclothes.

"Dinner?" said Harold. He looked at his watch, but for the second time in three days he had forgotten to wind it.

"Past twelve, anyway," said Puddingface, reaching for his trousers.

Harold was busy shoving the case of letters down into the bottom of the bed where they might lie hidden while he was dressing.

The present—a proved unwise act, which stood to him in place of a shower down to the bathroom. Harold scrambled out of bed—goodness, but he was stiff—and began to put on his clean undershirt. Standing in his vest and pants he took the case in his hands. The strap had broken between two holes, and it was a simple matter to splice it together with a screw in cuff link. Then he put the case over his shoulders and put on his shirt. He realized that the letters were precious and ought to be looked after, even although he did not properly appreciate yet the fact that they were considerably more dangerous to their possessor than twice their weight in dynamite.

As Harold shaved a gradual feeling of better being came back to him. It certainly was rather good to have some adventures sometimes. It would be nice to return those letters to the king of the Huns—he would probably receive a royal letter of thanks in exchange, or something equally splendid. Harold had required from Great-aunt Matilda a proper respect for the Lord's anointed, even if they did write filthy letters to Parisian enchantresses.

And Marjorie, Harold became conscious that he was urgently anxious to see Marjorie again, although in his unfortunate newly awakened condition of half an hour ago he had felt just the opposite. He wanted to see her smile, and to feel again the touch of her little lips on his cheek. He promptly decided to call at Ashford road immediately after dinner, and the very thought quickened his breath and made a new man of him. He even whistled as with the price of a throne between his shoulder blades, he went upstairs again.

Midday dinner on Sunday at Scar Fell View was usually a happy function. Today it might have been spoiled for Harold by Mrs. Pound's pointed question as to how he was. It had already been mentioned that Mrs. Pound looked askance at the aged lodgers because of the delinquency of routine they brought about were it not for the fact that he had far too much to think about already. Mrs. Pound's remarks, barbed questions from Marks and Dierley as to how he enjoyed him-

self last night, threadbare witticisms from Danvers about black eyes, they all rattled harmlessly off Harold's armor of new things to think about. Not every one encounters first love, a murder and a royal scandal on one and the same day.

With dinner over, Harold decided to go at once to Ashford road. He seized his hat and issued forth.

There were two strangers in Scar Fell avenue as he went along it. He hardly noticed them, but they looked keenly at him as he passed. Both were fairly smartly dressed, and one was obviously English. The other was a foreigner. The two looked at him, exchanged a word together, and then the foreigner turned casually back and walked in the same direction as Harold fifty yards behind him, while the other continued to stroll very slowly down Scar Fell avenue.

Harold's way took him under the railway bridge (how well he remembered staggering under it last night, half dead) and out once more across Morley common. Harold looked keenly and with interest for traces of last night's battle. There were not many. On the pavement where the cars had stopped were two dark marks, as if made by drops of blood. Along the footpath where Harold had stood was a dark smear in the dust, which also might have been blood, but the dust was too thick for it to be obvious. No casual inspection would reveal last night's doings to any passer-by.

The antagonists must have carried off the dead man and made all shape as soon almost as Harold had escaped. Harold felt glad of that; he was not at all anxious to be mixed up in a murder trial, and he cared neither one way nor the other apart from that as to whether justice were dealt out to the slayer. He had taken a chance, just as had the man who was shot, and it was no concern of anyone's, least of all Harold's, to load the dice against him after he had been lucky enough to win the first cast.

Then he came to Ashford road, and quickened his step with a touch of pleasurable anticipation. He knocked at the door and waited, anxiously but happily.

Also alas for Harold! Corbush in the form of Mrs. Tilling opened the door to him, and promptly flew at him, snatching triple-jawed, Harold quailed and waited before the violence of this offensive. No, he could not see Marjorie, and if Mrs. Tilling could manage it he would not see her again, either. She was in bed, worn out and with a shocking cold acquired by tramping over the country with a



No, He Could Not See Marjorie.

Just who on it to have known better, and by riding in motor cars which could only be the accompaniment of the worst kind of sin.

The very idea! (This was in reply to Harold's mind suggestion that he might be allowed to address a few words to Marjorie, under Mrs. Tilling's chaperonage, through the crack of her door.) That showed the sort of man he was, undoubtedly. Harold could clear off and not sell her door-step again. Mrs. Tilling, drunk with power, and with Marjorie in bed, in full command of the situation, slammed the door. Harold remained before it for two seconds standing on one foot, shifted onto the other one for another two seconds, and turned reluctantly away. The world was a dark and unhappy place, all of a sudden.

At the corner of Ashford road the foreign gentleman was doing up his shoelaces, and only ceased the operation as Harold walked past him on the common again, but it did not make much impression on him. Truth to tell, he had forgotten that a king's ransom nestled against his spine; his thoughts were too full of a chit of a girl.

He made his sorrowful way over to the bench on which—goodness gracious, it was only two days ago! It seemed more like two years—he had made the memorable promise to reward Marjorie into the country. He sat down and devoted a solemn half-hour to making himself more miserable than ever. He could not see Marjorie. He could not go to the club. He did not know what he ought to do next. What should a young man do when he is denied access to his lady love by a tyrannical of a guardian? He made up his mind to write to Marjorie. He heaved himself off his bench and began to stride back to Scar Fell View, with his spirits faintly raised by the prospect. And a man in foreign clothes at the same time raised himself from a neighboring bench and proceeded in the same direction.

The first thing that caught Harold's eye as he entered the room was Puddingface. Puddingface's hands were tied behind his back. With a heave and a wriggle he rose to his knees on the bed. His head was lost in a green bag (part of Harold's property), which was tied round his neck. Just about where Puddingface's mouth would be a white handkerchief was fastened tightly about his head, giving the effect of a vast mirthless grin extending all the way about Puddingface's green batz head.

Puddingface's feet were tied as well as his hands, and after poisoning balanced on his knees for a few wild seconds he pitched forward onto his nose again (if, indeed, there was a nose within that green batz bag).

By this time Harold began to realize that he was incumbent upon him to release Puddingface from his bonds. He drew out his penknife and cut the cords which were round his ankles, and untied the handkerchief and the lining of the green batz bag. Puddingface's red and wrathful countenance emerged, as he sat up on the bed.

It was a minute or two before he could speak; during the interval he was engaged in spitting out shreds of green batz and even when he was able to speak his words were not at first wholly intelligible.

"The blank blank blank blank blankers!" he said.

"Who are?" asked Harold.

"Danvers and Marks, of course. I came up here after dinner, and as I walked into the room those two blighters jumped on me and tied me up and put my head in a bag and threw me onto the bed. Then they undid all my clothes and threw me backward and forward and turned me upside down and nearly turned me inside out. They think they're jolly funny, these silly swine. Then they went round the room—I heard them—and threw everything about. Just look at the mess they've made."

"They certainly had. Every drawer and cupboard in the room had been emptied and the contents strewn about the room. There was a certain system and order in the disorder which started an idea in Harold's mind, which in turn started a whole series of cold shivers down his spine.

"Are you sure it was Danvers and Marks?" he asked quaveringly.

"Of course it was," said Puddingface; "who would it be if it wasn't them? Mrs. Pound and Emmie!"

"No," said Harold. "That was all he said, but he thought the more. Why, nothing would be easier than for a couple of exasperated people to come over the house while all Scar Fell View avenue was in the throes of de-voting or digesting dinner. And the sort of person who would do this was the sort of person who went round shooting people on Morley common, and who would make no bones at all about tying Puddingface up and investigating his sacred person. Puddingface did not realize that he was lucky not to have had his head clubbed open or a bullet sent through the middle of the apple pie of which he had just eaten too much. Yet Puddingface, ignorant of his luck, indulged at that moment in a further torrent of blather.

"It's even with the swine, see if I don't!" blared Puddingface. "Do you know if they're in?"

"Afraid I don't," said Harold.

"We could go and muck their room up the same as this if they were out," said Puddingface; the "we" in it speech was disturbing to Harold's peace of mind.

"Let's clear this mess up first, for goodness sake," he said, desperate and anxious to postpone the issue, and Puddingface agreed sulkily.

Of course, it was Harold who cleared up the mess. Puddingface was too busy standing about saying things. Harold took a furtive glance out of the window; sure enough the foreign-looking man was at the corner of the street, talking to his English friend. Moreover, twenty yards away from them Harold saw a man in a foreign-looking coat. He felt suddenly sick and ducked hurriedly away from the window.

"What on earth can I do?" Harold asked himself pitifully, for the twentieth time that week-end. Give the letters back? But how, and to whom? Who was the rightful owner of the letters, the recipient—the king or the lady? And if he tried to give them back wouldn't the other side bear him a grudge which they would do their best to repay? As far as he could see the only thing he could do was to hang on for a little while and find out what was the best. If he burned the things neither side would believe he had done so, Police? That was possible, but Harold shrank from the idea of walking into a police station with his fantastic story of princes and pistol shots. There would certainly be a dreadful scandal, and the murder on the common would have to be investigated with him as the principal witness, and there would be headlines in papers and photographs and all sorts of unpleasantness. And the bank would of course disapprove very strongly. He might lose his job! That clinched the matter for Harold. He would rather be miserably assaulted than risk dismissal. Then the tea-bell rang downstairs, and Puddingface made a prompt exit.

Harold followed him only two seconds later. The two seconds were the time it took him to bolt and lock the bedroom window—he was taking no chances. Then he scuttled after Puddingface. Harold most emphatically did not want to be alone.

At last Puddingface, with a tact amazing for him, elicited from Mrs. Pound the information that Mrs. Danvers and Marks had gone out soon after lunch and would not be back till

late that night. As Mrs. Pound said this Puddingface looked across at Harold and favored him with a wink and a grin. Harold went on shivering all down his spine. Matters were growing far too complicated. Yet he did not see what he could do when after tea Puddingface grabbed him by the elbow and said in a hoarse whisper:

"Come on, now's our chance."

Danvers and Marks shared the first floor front, immediately under Harold's room. Puddingface dragged Harold in and shut the door; and then he exploded into action in a simply astonishing fashion.

"I'll show 'em what ragging is," said Puddingface, with the memory of an hour with his head in a bag and the rest of him exposed to the elements rankling like poison. Harold helped him unwillingly and ineffectively, and, as was evident from the energy Puddingface displayed, unnecessarily.

Puddingface began by emptying all drawers and cupboards, piling the contents in a heap on the floor, and dancing on them. He took the sheets and pillows and blankets from both beds, made them into a bundle, and tied the corners together with at least fifteen knots. He took razors and combs and brushes and hid them all round the room—on top of cupboards and up the chimney and in vases. He took down all the pictures and placed them between the mattresses and the springs of the beds. He squeezed toothpaste into slippers and shaving cream into pajama pockets. Finally he tied a long string in succession to every china article in the room, each of which he poised precariously on corners and shelves, and he made the end of the string fast to the leg of a bed so that the light hung a foot from the floor across the door in such a fashion that a hasty step into the room would bring down every article in turn with a crash.

"That'll do now," whispered Puddingface. "That ought to show 'em."

It certainly would, decided Harold, appalled! "What are you going to do now?" he asked anxiously.

"Me? I'm going out for a bit. Going to see what girls there are on Morley common."

"Going out?" repeated Harold helplessly. "That meant that if he stayed in he would be alone in the house, and that was a very bad thing, for on the crowded common, he would be safe. So would he be at the club. The club? No. Harold decided he did not want to go to the club.

"Shall I come with you?" asked Harold.

To be continued.

**How Soil is "Limed"**

The term "liming" as generally used means the application to the soil of the element known to chemists as calcium. In one of two forms—either calcium carbonate, more commonly known as carbonate of lime, or calcium oxide, the ordinary burned lime of commerce. Carbonate of magnesium mixed with carbonate of lime, as in dolomite or magnesite limestone, and the mixed oxides resulting from burning such limestones are included also under the term "lime."

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**WHY Japan and China Were Given Ornate Nicknames**

In the year 671 A. D. the Chinese gave the name Jihpen to the archipelago situated east of their empire. The first syllable of this name is represented by a character meaning sun or light; the last syllable by a character meaning origin, or root. The word is thus translated as "origin of the sun." Japan being east of China, it is easy to understand how the name "Land of the Rising Sun" became applicable to this country. The Japanese, who borrowed their writing and many of their terms from China, adapted this name also, but modified its pronunciation to Nippon. Another form is Nippon, or Dai Nippon.

China is known as the Flowery Kingdom. This is a translation of the Chinese name Hua Kuo, and is the most ancient name of China. It is not known whether it originally referred to flowers in the literal sense, but probably did not. Hua means flowery, elegant, or distinguished. It is supposed that the ancient Chinese so designated their country because they regarded their people as the most polished and civilized in the world. This term may have been employed at one time in the sense of "country full of flowers." According to one theory, the Chinese originally lived in a very barren region of Central Asia, and they called their new country the "Flowery Kingdom" in contrast to their old home in the desert.

**Why Korea Became "Chosen"**

"Korea" was the name given to the country in northeastern Asia by foreigners, particularly Europeans. The Koreans themselves as well as other Orientals preferred to call the country "Chosyon," because that was the old native name. "Chosyon," usually written "Chosen" in English, is from Chinese "Ch'ao Hsen." It was natural that the Japanese, after they took possession of the kingdom of Korea, should have preferred to call it Chosen.—Pathfinder Magazine.

**Why Romance Is Vanishing**

Scientists say the moon is getting farther and farther from the earth, which may explain why the present generation is less romantic than some of its predecessors.—Haverhill Evening Gazette.

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**News Review**

Evening

Atinov, Soviet C  
at Geneva  
Sugg

By M

SOVIET as per Maxim Li commissar affairs, but of its Geneva international sion of it. Brind union proting. Lit

A. Litvinov founded a desert. But and the rest of the world by the calm state "capitalistic" governi nating themselves and the world by selling goods cheap abroad—in other words, by dumping. And he then nism denied that they pernicious practice, though accused of it. Russia, he had done just a little t

It is perfectly obvious prices cannot be regarded dumping," he declared. over, by dumping is an ally of high monopolist some markets and cut pri or, it will be found pre the capitalist countries gity in this respect."

The Soviets, continued ar, are eager to help in end the present econo tion, and on their behlf two suggestions for the c of the commission. The first was that the European po convention pledging the compulsory sale in the hot prices no higher than markets. The Soviets, Lit

He second proposal was to remove the atm straint and jealousy th gravating the crisis, it could sign a pact of "co aggression" along the "s Kellogg pact outlawing aft of a protocol of such mitted to the delegat a general customs trier things.

In the first sessions of the question of the astro-German customs tought up, and the pact ally and skillfully defen

Plus Curtius, German fter, and Johann Schobeler, the latter insisted that the act be submitted to the Worl opinion as to whether post-war treaties, and the League of Nations one. The council has sele enderson as chairman cernament conference.

**Why Romance Is Vanishing**

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